

Good Morning

\$89

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

ALTHOUGH "On Patrol" was intended more for the staff of "Good Morning" than for submariners, we reproduce it in full. The signature is C. J. Dikes.

A.B. C. J. Dikes, who at the time was residing at H.M.S. "Pigmy," submitted "On Patrol," with apologies. Just another case of sailors' modesty. I'm sure you will agree.

Into the waves we dip our bow, The klaxon sounds; we are diving now.

The main vents are open, the planes hard to dive, And down to the depths we silently writhe. Motors group down, adjust the trim

(If Jerry's about we'll make him swim).

The wheel is in hands both skilful and steady. And the men on watch are alert and ready.

The men off watch lie down and rest;

They know from experience it is the best.

For we preciously covet the atmosphere;

When that is gone—the end is near.

The man who is listening detects a sound.

So we raise the periscope and look around.

And, sure enough, the Hun is in sight.

Now alarms are ringing; we prepare for a fight.

"Ready" lamps burn, torpedoes are ready.

The "Skipper" manoeuvres to get his aim steady.

Torpedoes are fired; the aim proves true.

A ship's seen listing—its chances are few.

But destroyers have seen. They speed to attack.

From the depths we came, to the depths we go back.

For they're set to revenge the ship that is lost.

They're out for our blood, whatever the cost.

We all sit tight as they cruise overhead;

We're all wide awake, no question of bed.

Depth charges explode! Lamps visibly quiver!

And it takes a tough chap to repress a shiver.

We're right on the bottom, in water quite shallow;

But a man will not drown if he's born for a gallow.

It goes on for hours (we think it much more),

And at last they go, not settling the score.

Soon once again we get under weigh.

Then at last we surface, and find the sky grey.

Darkness approaches, but danger's still near;

We charge up our batteries, and homeward we steer.

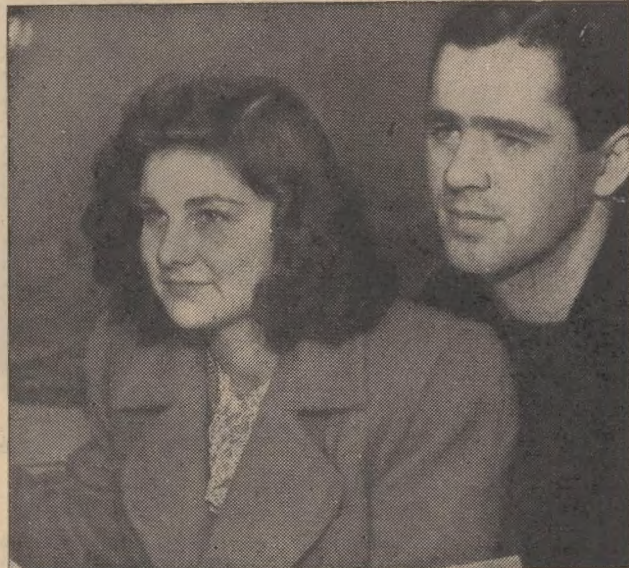
To-morrow we'll sight the port we know well,

And come to the end of these long hours of hell.

We'll draw more torpedoes, replenish our store,

Then have a short rest, and go back for more.

Glad you like the paper, Mr. Dikes. Bill Millier says he will take care of your request for more sport news. The other guys thank you for your kind wishes. They return the compliment, with regards also to all your shipmates.



L.S. I. W. Herbert and his wife visit "Good Morning" offices and inspect the pin-up department—a charming photograph by staff-man "Fuse" Wilson.

HOPE you enjoyed Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 which I heard played for you in a recent Forces' Favourites programme, Leading Sig. Ivanhoe W. Herbert.

Seems you are not content with telling us exactly how bad you think "Good Morning" is; you've taken up the B.B.C. as a pen-pal, too. If the Corporation is as susceptible to criticism as we are, maybe we'll be getting some changes in that direction, too. You never can tell.

If more of you readers and listeners would take Mr. Herbert's example, we might get better programmes and a better paper.

I'M sorry about the drawings you sent in, A.B. Bernard Bealing, but I am pretty sure you will see my point. The blue ink and rough paper you used would not lend themselves to first-class reproduction, so I returned them with a bottle of Indian ink and some glossy paper. We are looking forward to the return of the sketches together with any more you may have.

By the way, if you like discussing drawing, or if you want any advice on some of the angles, I suggest you get in touch with my friend, Jack Monk. He is the Buck Ryan author and artist, and he will be delighted to hear from you or any other budding artists. His address is as per the note-paper on which I wrote to you.

IN our files I found the following list of names without home addresses. Perhaps if you would like our correspondent to call upon your people for news from home, you would let me know your address.

P.O. S./C. Joseph Wickens, D/JX 164991; Ldg. St. Charles Watts, CKX 94836; St. William J. Spence, D/KX 90604; P.O. Tel. Thomas J. Mitchell, D/JX 141329; A.C.P.O. S./C. Alfred J. Mallett, D/JX 130986; L./Sto. James S. McKay, D/KX 87871; St. John McMurray, D/KX 117789; L./Sto. William Kibbey, D/KX 79907; LS. St. Arthur J. Hervis, D/SSX 23147; St. Frank Capper, D/KX 154381; and St. Ronald G. Boylett, C/KX 116900.

Even Whales are Rationed

A CONFERENCE of the Allied Governments in London recently agreed that in the first season after the war for whaling the catch should be limited to "16,000 blue whale units." This is about half the average pre-war catch

per season, and means about 20,000 whales.

The blue whales, yielding up to 12 tons of oil each, are the most valuable type, and taken as a standard unit to simplify matters. The other whales hunted are the fin, giving about seven tons of oil, and the humpback, giving five tons. Right, sei and other whales are caught in smaller quantities.

Limiting the catch of whales each season by international agreement has become necessary to prevent the complete extermination of whales in the Antarctic in the same way as they were exterminated in the Arctic.

Whaling has changed completely from the hazardous and uncertain trade it was in the time of Moby Dick to a scientific industry of great precision. In one year in the White Sea, 100 whaling vessels were lost for a catch of 600 whales. Ten years ago, 40,000 whales were hunted and caught in the Antarctic, and not a single life was lost.

That is the measure of the change that has come over the whaling industry.

You have only to add that the modern harpoon is fired by an explosive charge and carries a substantial bomb in its nose, that a wire hawser has taken the place of a rope for "playing" the whale, and that the modern "factory" or parent ship in which the whales are cut up and the oil extracted may be bigger than a battle-cruiser, to appreciate that the whale has no great chance.

There is, in fact, no limit to the number of whales which might be caught, and unless there was agreement between the nations on this point the whale might well be exterminated in a few seasons.

The last catch, before the war virtually ended whaling, was 38,000 whales, and they yielded 500,000 tons of oil. This oil is the most valuable of the products from the whale, but

whalebone, guano, glycerine and cattle foods are also obtained. The modern factory - ship

wastes very little of the whale. At the moment the world badly needs the whale oil to replenish its fallen stocks of oils and fats. But because there will be neither the men nor the ships available, it is not expected that the maximum set for the first season will actually be reached.

To give the whalers more chance, the season has been extended from November 24th until March 24th, instead of December 8th to March 7th.

The men aboard the ships may not relish the extension, for in March the Antarctic winter begins to make itself felt, and conditions aboard the ships, never particularly pleasant with the thermometer usually below freezing, become very difficult.

Whalers to-day are highly specialised vessels, falling into two categories. There are the "catchers," which actually harpoon and kill the whales, and the "factory-ships," which extract the oil and other products and also act as parent ships to the catchers.

In a normal season about 33 factory-ships—British, German, Norwegian and Japanese for the most part—and 230 catchers, sailed for the grey waters of the Antarctic.

Each factory-ship expected to handle about 1,000 whales during the five months of hunting.

The largest of these factory-ships was the Norwegian "Cosmos II," of 45,000 tons, an astonishing combination of factory and depot ship, with workshops, provisions for thousands of men, shops, hospital, and every other convenience aboard. She could carry 30,000 tons of cargo.

All the factory ships have ramps in the stern, through which the whale can be hauled for cutting up, machines for chopping up the blubber, and huge boilers for extracting the oil.

The catchers are of 350-550 tons—about double the weight of many of the whales they catch! They have a speed of 15 knots, and directional wireless.

Whaling was once a hazardous job, but to-day modern weapons have made it safe and so productive that the catch is limited by international arrangement says ROBERT DE WITT

After the whale has been harpooned and killed several explosive harpoons being used if necessary, a harpoon carrying an air pipe is driven into the huge mammal and it is inflated. The tail is then cut off, as this might endanger towing.

The whale is then either left with a mark identifying it, to be picked up later, or the factory-ship is summoned by wireless to fetch it.

Every year, in normal times, the whaling industry takes about 11,000 men to the Antarctic. The great majority are Norwegians, although on the British factory ships about half the crew were British. From October to May, some of the Norwegian whaling towns, like Sandefjord, seemed to be completely denuded of their able-bodied male population.

Britain has always taken a leading part in the whaling industry, and has been especially interested in preserving it. The little research ship "William Scoresby," flying the Falkland Islands' Ensign, travelled the Antarctic season after season marking whales and gaining valuable knowledge of their habits.

To find what proportion were being caught every year was rightly considered important for giving a scientific basis to international agreement. "Discovery II" also made important investigations on the whale.

Germany and Japan were always "sticky" about the international agreements. Japan was supposed to join in them in 1939, but the war intervened.

Now the problem may be simplified, for it is certain these countries will not be permitted to go whaling at all unless they agree to observe the limits set down after the war.

Ten years ago there was grave danger of the whale being exterminated. Now it seems the folly of allowing this to happen through "greediness" has generally been recognised, and that the catch will be carefully regulated so that the stock of whales is kept up.

FROM OUR POST BAG

"Having been posted to a Far Eastern station, I take this opportunity of writing to say that I hope 'Good Morning' continues to circulate among submariners in home waters."

"My Old Lady has asked me to write you asking why you call them pin-up girls. She says on account of the shortage of elastic we're all pin-up girls nowadays."

"Having read twenty-three pieces called 'What the Crook Forgot,' I am wondering whether your contributor, Stuart Martin, would reciprocate by reading a series I have written entitled 'What the Public Remembers'?"

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Ron Richards

Golden Voice Speaks to P.O. WILFRED WOODGATES

"NUMBER, please?"—"I'm sorry, you've been troubled"—"Have you the necessary coins?" We often hear these familiar phrases, but seldom meet the owners of the voices.

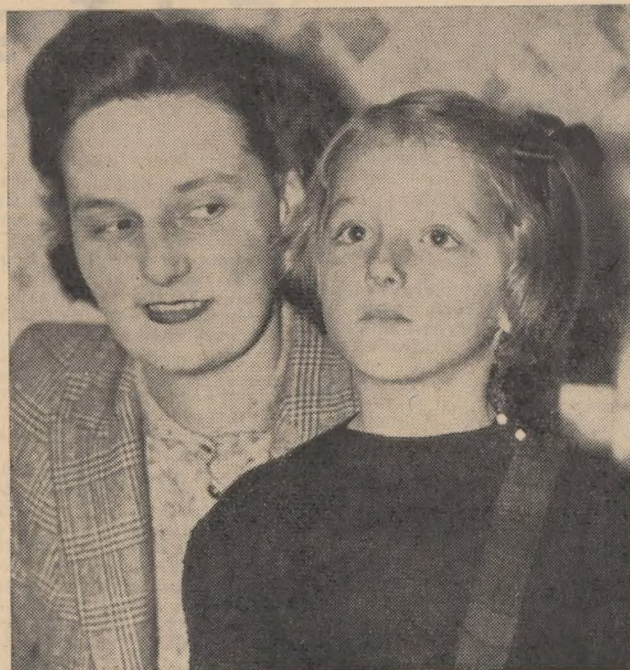
We of "Good Morning" had the privilege and pleasure, recently, of meeting charming Mrs. Wilfred Woodgates, of 104 Park Road, Exeter, an operator at the Main Exeter Telephone Exchange for the past four years. Her husband is 29-year-old P.O. "Wilf" Woodgates, "somewhere at sea" in one of H.M. submarines.

An old boy of St. David's School, Exeter, he entered the Royal Navy just over ten years ago, and has been a submariner for about eighteen months. Essentially an outdoor man, his wife told us that his "off-duty" hobbies are water polo, tennis and football.

We asked if Mrs. Woodgates would pose for our cameraman so that her hubby could see her in "Good Morning."

"Yes," she said, smiling. "My five-year-old niece is here on a visit. Could she be taken with me? She's rather a favourite with Wilf." "Certainly," we said, and here they are.

It was a serious business for little Dianne Gilbert, a special occasion, you see, so standing very straight, she waited, and Mrs. Woodgates, stealing a sideways glance, noticed, too late, the fallen shoulder-strap. The flash had



gone off and the photo was taken!

We said we would like a message for Wilfred to go with the picture.

"Well," she said, "we had a holiday together last June, and my husband always sends me a telegram when he's com-

ing home on leave. Tell him I'm looking forward to the next."

So there you are, P.O. Wilfred Woodgates. All is well at home, and we hope it won't be long before you're knocking at the door of 104 Park Road yourself.

"It's the Limik"—Yam comes to Life (and BARNEY BEDFORD saw it happen)

WHEN an ordinary sailor takes one look and says, "I don't believe it," what would a submariner do under similar circumstances? It all happened this way. I dropped across an A.B. in a Berwick-on-Tweed bar one day, asked him to have a drink, and soon struck up a friendship with him.

We'd been chatting together for about half an hour, and we'd got to the stage where I called him George and he called me Barney, when somebody pushed in at the side of us and ordered himself a pint.

George turned round to remonstrate with the stranger, who had nearly knocked his pint out of his hand, when something pulled him up short. "Hey," he said in a whisper, "look at that bloke. Is it Popeye the Sailor himself?"

And when I looked, that went twice for me. For next to us was a stubby bloke in a sailor's uniform, with a wizened face, puckered up round a stubby clay pipe.

"Arf, arf," chuckled this stranger. "I yam what I yam, that's what I yam—and I can't help it."

A second or two later and he broke into song. "I'm Popeye the Sailor Man,"

They say that I yam what I yam.
I fights to a finish
'Cos I eats my spinach;
I'm Popeye the Sailor Man."
One of the locals poked me in the ribs. "A bloke was in here one night when Popeye dropped in for a pint. He took one look, left a full glass on the counter, and went straight out to sign the pledge."

The sailor nodded. "I should bloody well think so," he added.

We got into conversation with Popeye. To prove he was no phoney, he planked down the can of spinach he'd been holding, and ordered pints all round.

"This is the limik," he croaked. "I just been down to see the Yadmiral about his daughter Mildred. Swell dame, Millie, but she makes Olive jealous."

The sailor called George just didn't get it. He pointed to a drawing hanging behind the bar. It was a cut-out from the "Daily Mirror," showing Popeye and Wimpy just before the wrestling match.

"I'll sign the pledge, honest, mate," he confided. "The darn thing's come to life."

If a Salvation Army lassie had come in the bar just then, Able Seaman George would have been a ready convert.

But she didn't. The locals let George and me in on the secret before we left. "It's all right, boys—it's only Herbie Beill, the landlord of this boozer," they told us.

Popeye had gone out some place or other. He didn't return... but genial Herbie came in a little later to call "Time."

"I've done the Popeye impersonation ever since I came to the Salmon Hotel," he told me. "The regulars love it, and I get a kick out of watching the faces of the strangers. Some of 'em swear that the drawing behind the bar really does come to life. It's grand fun. My only trouble is the shortage of clay pipes. It's a bit difficult not to chew the stems off them, so I have to use an ordinary pipe sometimes."

And if you don't believe this story, drop in at the Salmon Hotel next time you're Berwick way.

And let's see what you'd do when you come face to face with the world-famous sailor over a pint of Berwick Best.



BOY LEAVES GIRL

OTHER leaves hadn't really been much fun.

Of course, it was always worth while to get home again. For one thing, Mother made a fuss of him, which came very pleasantly after months spent in an atmosphere which discouraged any such manifestation.

But he had never been sorry when the time came to go back. It was hard to explain how he felt, even to himself. It just seemed as though something had changed, something in himself or in the few friends that still remained in the small town where he lived. He looked there up, most religiously, every time he was home. But it never worked out quite right. It wasn't their fault. They tried hard enough, heaven knows, to recreate the good times they used to have together, before he went away. Perhaps that was it; they all tried too hard.

But this leave had been different. Boy, how different! Just a simple story of "boy meets girl" is how

his friends would describe it. And he would certainly call it that himself—if it had happened to anyone else. But it hadn't happened to anyone else, it had happened to HIM.

She was some sort of schoolmistress. Not the ordinary sort, with pinenez and a worried expression, but one who had come down from London to help look after a bunch of children evacuated by the Government when the war showed every sign of being fought out nightly in the little streets where they lived. It appeared that she was doing this work for the altogether extraordinary reason that she liked it. And he subsequently discovered that most things she did were done for the same reason.

And now it was over. He was standing in the corridor of a train that was taking him away from her. For the first time he knew what the fellows meant when they said it hurt like hell to go back. But it was a beautiful sort of pain.

These Strips Tease

THE war has resulted in people becoming more intelligent than ever before. They like problems to make them think, and in this direction the Royal Navy probably heads the list.

The jig-saw puzzle is a case in point. Aboard submarines, where space is confined, you will find scores of men who find enjoyment out of piecing together the little strips of wood. Often they make their own puzzles, but for the most part they secure the jig-saws from men who have of recent years developed a very successful industry.

The actual date when jig-saw puzzles were first made is not known, but even during the days of Henry VIII puzzles of the type now so popular to-day were in use.

When, in the early days of the war, people kept indoors because of the black-out, jig-saw puzzles, hitherto only popular with youngsters, returned to favour. Since 1939 their popularity has greatly increased.

Average puzzles are between 500 and 750 pieces, but on one occasion Ware and Henriques, the noted American jig-saw puzzle makers, produced one of 10,000 pieces.

It cost two elderly folk £70—and they spent an entire winter piecing it together! To hold this puzzle a special table was constructed.

British "puzzlers," especially those found among naval men, prefer puzzles that can be completed in a reasonable time. Although they like to use their brains and overcome difficulties, submariners, I find, like to work quickly.

This, quite naturally, suits the makers, for "puzzlers" are so keen on what has developed into a great hobby that they will always buy new puzzles as soon as they have completed those they have "in stock."

In America, folk have become so keen on jig-saw puzzles that another new and novel industry has grown up. It specialises in the renting of puzzles.

The most popular of the "rentings" at the moment are the 750-piece puzzles. They fit comfortably upon an ordinary card table, and are let out for six shillings a week. When a set is returned a thorough check is made upon it before it is passed, and if one piece is lost the loaner has to pay for a new set. This is clearly understood before the puzzle is loaned.

Andover Grant

Frozen Redwing chirped it's thanks (Reports Fred Kitchen)

IT was a bitterly cold morning. Rain the night before had been followed by a sharp frost that had glistened the hedges with beads of ice.

It wasn't the sort of morning for any of Jesse's friends to be out and about.

Nevertheless he hadn't been long in his ditch when he noticed what appeared to be a thrush working on the bank-side.

As it came nearer he saw it was a redwing—a winter visitor lately arrived to these shores.

He was surprised, for usually these birds keep together, and Jesse wondered what it was doing there on its "lonesome."

He kept his eye on it as he continued his work—the redwing kept its eye on Jesse—for it's a timid bird where human beings are concerned.

However, being an insect feeder, it found the newly cleaned ditch the likeliest source of food.

So, overcoming its shyness, it came quite close to where Jesse was releasing insects.

It jerked its tail up and down in quite a jaunty manner, and seemed to be weighing up Jesse's position in the ditch—whether he meant harm, or was there for the benefit of hungry birds.

It evidently decided in Jesse's favour, for it was soon giving little chirps of pleasure as it searched amongst the grass on the bank or pecked questingly in the bottom of the ditch.

Not wishing to alarm his visitor, Jesse pretended not to be looking—for it isn't often one gets at close quarters with this little brown bird with the buff side feathers.

But he soon noticed that whenever it found anything

eatable it flew with it to a certain spot in the hedge.

"Now, what's that for?" mused Jesse as the bird kept repeating the performance, and, stopping presently for his mid-morning lunch, he walked along the hedge to find out.

His visitor gave him a scolding, flying and twittering just before him, trying to lead him on past that vital spot.

But Jesse was not to be hoodwinked by his friend.

And stopping at the point where the bird had been entering, he peeped into the hedge to solve the mystery.

It was the redwing's mate, crouched under the thorn—the sorriest-looking little bird imaginable.

Its feathers were wet with the night's rain, while the following frost had just about added the last stroke to its misfortunes.

Jesse picked it up—a cold, clammy handful of feathers that rolled its head aside in a last dying effort.

"Poor little beggar!" said Jesse, thinking how it had flown from the colder north to perish with cold after all its efforts.

But he was wrong, for the bird's eyes slowly opened, and he felt its heart beating against his hand.

It gave a feeble chirp, and its frozen claws became warm with the slight pressure of Jesse's hand.

It was Jesse's warm hand that did the trick—revived the starved and travel-weary bird, so that presently it fluttered to be free.

Jesse opened his hand, and two grateful redwings resumed their journey further south, leaving Jesse to contemplate his lunch.

Get Together Picture Fans

A BEGINNER in the art of picture-making takes no greater stride along the path to success than on the day he joins a camera club.

Let me dispel at once the fears of those who anticipate a cold reception because of their limited experience. The owner of the box Brownie will receive as warm a welcome as the "Contax" man—and that will invariably be a very warm one.

Not only do these gatherings prove to be the most effective and speedy means of improving your photo technique, but they are mostly very pleasing social functions.

I once decided to build myself an enlarger, and made detailed plans from which to work. Though I was quite satisfied with my own ideas, I, being a very new member of a camera club, coyly showed my ideas to a fellow member, who passed them in turn to the twenty-odd members at the meeting.

Criticism was plentiful, but far from being in the form of an attack, was so constructive as to present me with an entirely different plan of attack. The resulting enlarger was used for many years with deep satisfaction and gratitude on my part.

On many occasions I have been stumped for a particular

DEREK RICHARDS' PHOTO-FEATURE

grade of printing paper, a certain size marking frame, or a roll of film. An SOS to a member of the club and my difficulty was invariably overcome.

Some clubs will provide you with a darkroom and the necessary equipment to do your processing on the premises, but these usually call for a higher subscription or an additional charge to cover costs. Normally, however, subscription rates are very reasonable.

The vast majority of these organisations meet about once or twice a month to discuss topical photographic subjects, criticise members' prints, hear lectures by specialists, or go on excursions where the camera is the chief item of the picnic bag.

Mainly for the pictorialist are the postal clubs which circulate a portfolio of prints to which all members of the

circle contribute and criticise. Many exhibition pictures result from re-takes after the original has been "torn to pieces" by a group of photographers who probably have never met. In Great Britain there are many hundreds of photo clubs and societies, and most towns of any size will be found to possess one. Few of you aspirants will ever regret the day you join in your local circle, and you'll soon agree that they give great assistance and incentive.

Of the many photographic exhibitions held in this country, the two best known are the "Royal" and the "Salon," both held in London. The season for such exhibitions opens in autumn, and enjoys its peak throughout winter.

They are worthy of a visit by every enthusiast, as much can be learnt by this study of the year's masterpieces.

For those of you who wish to enter prints in exhibitions, a study of the relevant columns in leading photographic journals will give the necessary details.

Suitable sizes and settings for prints may vary with the type of exhibition, but big shows such as those mentioned above have a preference for 10in. by 8in. and 15in. by 12in. Prints smaller than whole plate are rather rare in

leading exhibitions, and the larger sizes invariably stand more chance of being accepted.

In recent years the tendency has been to adopt the plain mount as a setting, and some exhibitions not only make this a condition of entry, but also specify sizes to be used. Frames began to lose their popularity even before war-time's restrictions greatly cut their use.

Generally speaking, I would advise any but the accustomed exhibitor to submit his attempts to a local exhibition for judging and criticism before attempting the national concerns, which demand such a very high standard of work. In this respect postal and other camera clubs are of great value, as are the excellent services rendered by those photo magazines which offer the advice of experts in analysing your prints.

Having covered quite a range of subjects, I should be glad to hear from any of you if you wish to know more about any particular aspect of photography, and if any of you have camera problems troubling you, just drop me a line with your query and you'll get an immediate answer. The address is: Derek Richards, "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

VERY little stamp news has come out of Greece during the war, but now that the country is liberated it will surely not be long before we see something of the occupation issues.

During the 1914-1918 conflict the Greeks produced no fewer than 75 war stamps, including the principal varieties; of these, 12 were issued for Salonika, 13 for charity, and 35 were fiscal stamps.

There were certain factors, apart from a desire to enlarge revenue, which account for this high number.

Greece had produced a spate of special issues for the Balkan wars of 1912-1913.

Islands of the Dodecanese and the Aegean changed hands with extraordinary rapidity. This gave rise to Occupation stamps and overprints (themselves productive of the usual crop of varieties due to inferior printing); and at Samos during this period there were no fewer than four issues of entirely new stamps!



At the London Conference in February, 1914, Greece was awarded all the Aegean Islands occupied by her during the fight, excepting Tenedos and Imbros and the Islands of the Dodecanese which Italy had occupied in 1912. To make matters more complicated, at the end of 1915 Italy seized quite a number of the Aegean Islands, and having first provided provisional postage stamps, surcharged and overprinted with the name of each island for local use.

As for the later history of the Dodecanese, Italy repudiated her agreement to hand them back after the war, and her occupation later received the blessing of the Treaty of Lausanne, when Turkey surrendered her rights over them. We have to remember, too, that during the war it was by no means easy for the Greek Government to contact all the various islands, so that stamp requirements reached the post offices very irregularly; this inevitably was met by surcharge. There are a large number of surcharged fiscals.



Whatever stamps come out of Greece or any of the Axis and overrun countries, they won't find a ready market in the United States. American collectors have already started the rush for Air Mails. After the war there is bound to be an awakened interest in all countries for air stamps, but British collectors are at the moment handicapped by currency restrictions.

The American Government does not penalise its collectors in quite the same way.

I am surprised to learn that there are large stocks of British Colonials in America. Several of the leading firms will actually supply individual colonies complete at an all-in price, and one of the more enterprising will furnish you by sections with the stamps of Great Britain, from No. 1 to date.



Good Morning

SUNSHINE SOON
RESTORES YOUNG
LONDONER'S
"SHELTER NERVES"



BYFLEET. Too much time spent in air-raid shelters will wreck the strongest nerves. But amid the Surrey pines, in their own private nudist colony, playing games in the sunshine, they soon recapture the joy of life.

Home Town Pictures

ILFORD. A spot of leg massage is administered to Fire Service swimming champ. Pat Dear, by that old maestro, Leading Fireman W. (Jumper) Collins. Pat already holds the breast-stroke, crawl and back-stroke titles for her area.



UPMINSTER. Since he was four years old, Patrol-Leader David Griffiths has lain on a bed of pain, suffering from a hip injury. He occupies his days making leather bags with Luke, his cocker spaniel, a constant companion. His fortitude and courage has earned him the Cornwall Medal — the Scout's V.C.



WHITBY. This was a great occasion down at the "local" in the village of Beckhole, near Whitby. Algernon Newton, R.A., bombed out from London, made his home in the village, and decided that the pub must have a sign. So he painted one (valued at hundreds of guineas), and here you see him hanging it.



BALHAM. Leicester Ward believes that you can't keep a good man down. So when he heard that the tallest bicycle in the country was for sale, he bought it. It's 8ft. tall, and, riding it, Leicester feels on top of the world.



KENDAL. Miss Millicent Halliwell and Miss Mary Homer climbed Great Gable in the Lake District to attend an Armistice Day service at the country's highest war memorial at the summit. Here you see the women climbers enjoying a cup of tea after the ceremony.



SOUTHWOLD. Fred Hill, a 70-years-old cabinet-maker, keeps a private zoo in his workshop. When we called on him he had four monkeys, two cockatoos, several tortoises, and sundry rabbits in his collection. Here he is, celebrating his birthday, with Bill, the tortoise.